FRENCH ART AND SCENERY

PRESENTED
BY
MRS. DHANBAIJI K. R. VACHA
HUGHES ROAD, BOMBAY.
1931.

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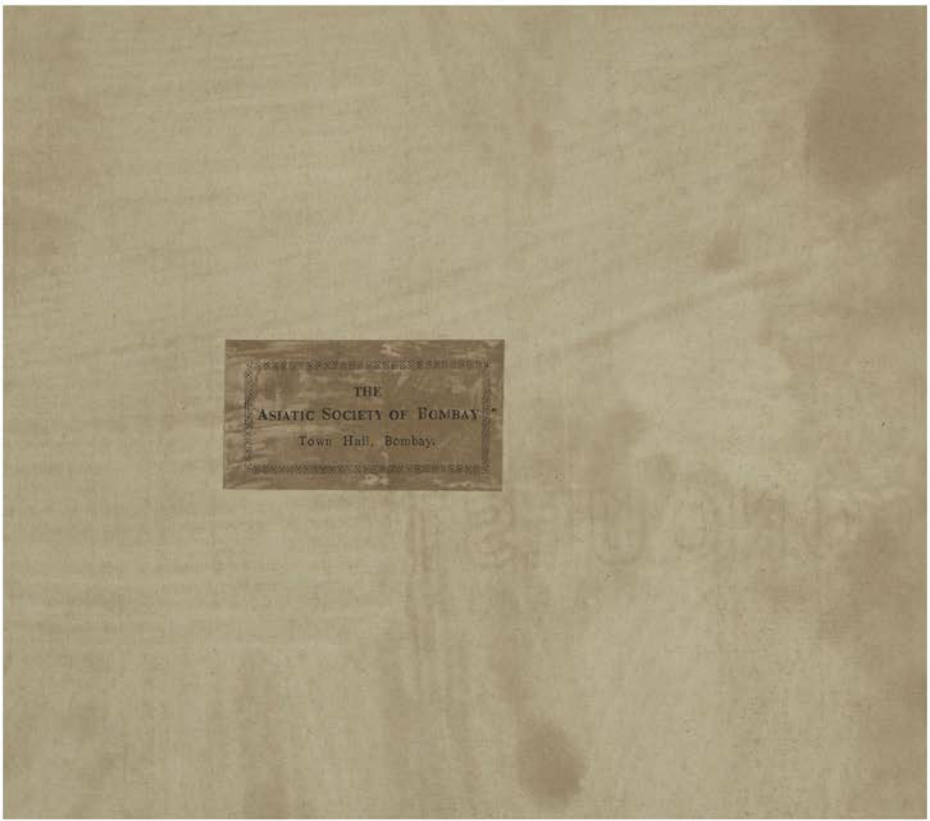

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FRENCH ART AND SCENERY

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF

GREAT FRENCH PAINTINGS

ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL VIEWS OF THE

SCENERY, PALACES, PARKS, MONUMENTS AND HISTORICAL BUILDINGS OF FRANCE

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

H. W. B. HOWARD

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

DESCRIPTIONS BY

DR. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

HENRI GIUDICELLI

CHARLES DE KAY

W. LEWIS FRASER
MANAGER OF THE ART DEPARTMENT OF THE CENTURY COMPANY

WILL CARLETON
AUTHOR OF "FARM BALLADS," ETC.

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INTRODUCTION.

The term "French Art," broadly interpreted, does not signify merely the painting of France or of French artists. For Paris is to-day the centre of the entire world of art, and to its studios and its masters the art students of every civilized country flock for instruction. Some of these, returning to their own countries, develop individuality or express their national characteristics; the others merely reflect what they have been taught, and remain still exponents of "French Art."

The classical school of David, founded on the study of the antique, remained, until a comparatively recent period, the controlling influence in French art. Well versed in the theories of this school, and inspired by the spirit of modern independence, the French painters since the time of the First Empire have successfully thrown off the hampering traditions of artificiality, and have pursued Nature into her inmost recesses, revealing in their surprising canvases a succession of undoubted truths—all true, though none of them all the truth. The romantic school, with Delacroix at the head, displaced the old classicism and its tyrannical canons of art. The sentimentalists and those who saw nature as Couture saw it; the realists, who laid aside invention and sentiment in favor of literal rendering of subjects often preferably offensive; and the impressionists (or, more fairly to their own definition, "luminists"), who undertake to place on canvas what the eye would see "while it winked once"—one succeeded another, each with its really valuable contribution to a broad, universal art. In their devotion to the new art-gospel that was revealed to them, the devotees of each new school exaggerated their work so that each has been well and often deservedly ridiculed. But the French artist of to-day has available to him the universe of art-truth thus revealed; a training in the technique of drawing and painting incomparably superior to that of any former period; a liberty in choice of subject and treatment, encouraged to the fullest expression by the welcome surely accorded to whatever is new and daring—so it be excellent; and the immense advantage of painting for a public that has outgrown its enthusiasm for "fads" in art, and has learned to give discriminating value to the truly romantic, the truly sentimental, realistic and impressionistic in painting.

The jealousies of the schools have passed away, and most of their absurdities with them. An artist may dare to be "realistic" now, and yet not exclude beauty from his picture; he may be sentimental, and yet insist on drawing and coloring correctly, and may even attempt to render texture. He may be an impressionist without subjecting his work to the criticism that it is "not painting—only paint." The consequence of having this vast store of experience and learning, together with the boundless liberty of working in the field and in the manner that suits his subject or pleases his inclination, is that the French artist of to-day is the best equipped and the most keenly stimulated and encouraged of all the fraternity of art; while the annual exhibitions of the Salons of Paris are the central art-events of the year, truly international, not alone because they are open to the art and artists of all countries, but because France is the international art-teacher, and her painters paint for the art-lovers of the world. Never before has there been so little painting of pictures merely to sell. Artists have had to paint for the market, when picture-buyers narrow-mindedly demanded whatever happened to be the rage. Painters may now produce what suits their moods—bring forth what is "in them"—with a reasonable certainty, that, if it be good of its kind, there is breadth of culture among connoisseurs for its due appreciation. French art, then, has not merely worked out its own salvation, and that of the world's art; it has educated the universe of picture-lovers to understand and support it. A liberal selection from the works of these masters, such as is found in this volume, cannot but be instructive as well as interesting. The selection has been limited to no class of works; it represents every modern school. For half a century French painting has been characterized by a rich, dashing style, with good "drawing," and a certainty of touch that not only reveals the master of class-room knowledge, but attracts even the least informed observer. But the period covered by the selections herewith presented has been one of pronounced development of individuality of work, and that gives to such a volume as this a fascinating variety which stimulates and prolongs the pleasure of looking over and studying its pages. Variety is the spice of art no less than of life, and the editing of this collection of French Art and Scenery has been performed with that principle in mind. The varied creations of the fancy of great painters appear, together with the creations of architects who have made the name of Paris synonymous with the idea of perfection in modern city-building. As a whole, the collection justifies the conception of France and Paris as the representative centre of nineteenth century art.

H. W. B. HOWARD.

PALACE OF THE LOUVRE.—The most important and interesting public building in Paris is the New Louvre, a general view of which is here shown, taken from the Pavillon de Flora. The foundation was laid by Francis I., in 1541, but the structure was not completed, as it now stands, until 1868. The name is taken from that of an old chateau which originally stood on the spot, in the centre of a large forest that was infested by wolves. The Louvre is connected with the Tuileries by an immense gallery, which was begun by order of Napoleon I., in 1805, and completed by Napoleon III., in 1857, at a cost of $15,000,000. The cost of the entire building probably exceeded $50,000,000. Between the two wings shown in the picture are two octagon squares enclosing shade trees, and in the front is seen the beautiful statue of Gambetta. In the foreground is shown a section of the Place du Carrousel, formerly used for military reviews, in which is a sitting statue of Napoleon I. The southern edge of the Tuileries garden is also shown, but the photograph presents only one-third of the entire Louvre and Tuileries, which together cover a space of forty-eight acres. The Louvre contains more statuary and paintings than any other art gallery in the world, enriched as it is by the greatest artists of all ages.

GALLERY OF AUGUSTUS, LOUVRE MUSEUM.—This room is as celebrated for its ceiling decorations, executed during the reign of Napoleon III., as for its collection of statuary, some of which are very fine. The frescoes of greatest beauty are Matout's representations of Apollo and Minerva, and the Muses that give inspiration to the entranced poets. Several busts and statues of the early Roman emperors are here exhibited, the largest of which is that of Antinous, shown in the foreground, which is a recovery from the Villa Mondragone. Other figures are Julius Cæsar, "A Roman Orator," supposed to be also Cæsar; a bust of Agrippa, before whom Paul appeared; Tiberius, Augustus, busts of the Julian emperors and their families, among whom that of Nero is specially striking. An admirable group in this room comprises a bust representation of Roma, with a she-wolf suckling one of the founders of Rome on each side of the helmet.

PROMETHEUS, BY ADAM, LOUVRE MUSEUM.—Among the horribly realistic sculptures of the Louvre, the one herewith pictorially reproduced is particularly prominent, a conception as remarkable as the execution is finished. According to the Græco-Roman mythology, Prometheus was son of Iapetus, who was represented as a giant and ancestor of the human race. He was charged with forming men of clay and animating them by means of fire which he stole from heaven. For this crime he was chained by Jupiter to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where an eagle or vulture ate out his liver every day, which grew again at night. Pandora, a goddess of marvelous beauty, was sent by Jupiter to win the heart of Prometheus, designing that by her charms miseries of every kind should be brought upon mankind as a punishment for the theft of fire from heaven; but Prometheus refused to receive her, whereupon he was bound to a rock to undergo the torture to which Jupiter condemned him, as represented so admirably by the sculptor.

PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.—The above reproduction affords an excellent rear view of the Palace of the Luxembourg, which fronts the Rue de Vaugirard and is surrounded on the east, west and south by the Luxembourg Gardens. This magnificent building was erected in 1615-20 for Marie de Médicis by Jacques Debrosse, a famous French architect. The name is derived from an old mansion which occupied the site until the beginning of the seventeenth century. The building is three stories high and 300 feet wide, and consists of three pavilions connected by galleries. The façade toward the garden, here shown, was altered by Louis Philippe, 1836-44, from its former similarity to the north front to its present more congruous and accordant appearance, in harmony with the ornate grounds. The Palace continued to be a royal residence until the time of the Revolution, its last occupant being Louis XVIII., who left it in 1791, when the convention converted it into a state prison. Afterward, 1795, it was called the Palace of the Directory, and four years later was occupied by Napoleon as the Palace of the Consulate, until his removal to the Tuileries early in 1800.

STATUARY IN THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.—The Luxembourg Palace is the work of Jacques Debrosse, who designed it early in the seventeenth century for Marie de Médicis. It is 300 feet wide, and consists of three pavilions that are connected by galleries. The building has undergone many alterations, and been used for different purposes. It was the royal residence until abandoned by Louis XVIII., in 1791, when it was converted into a prison. In 1795 it became the Palace of the Directory, and in 1799 Palace of the Consulate, thus continuing to remain the residence of Napoleon until his removal to the Tuileries. In 1852 to 1870 the building was used by the Senate, later by the Prefect of the Seine, and in 1879 it again became the Senate chamber. A part of the Palace is occupied by the Luxembourg Museum, which is well filled with paintings and sculptures by living artists. This portion is really separated from the main building, but belongs to it, as do the chapel and garden, elsewhere described. Ten years after the death of an artist whose works have been admitted to the Luxembourg galleries, his paintings or sculptures, as the case may be, are removed to the Louvre, where they are ever afterward preserved.

IMMORTALITY, BY LONGEPIED, LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.—A beautiful group, and one of the chief pieces in the gallery of statuary, is that which is pictured above. The angel of life whispers words of comfort to the dying youth. Death is that fate which all creation shrinks from, but especially dreaded is it by the youth who sees life's joys all before him with none of the griefs behind. Yet there is a light which dispels the gloom, a voice which cheers the desponding, and this comfort the sculpture has strongly personified in the radiant angel who holds the book of life up before the death-stricken youth and teaches him that the tomb is but the entering way to immortality, that resurrection is the second birth, that dying is only divestment of the corporeal and liberation of the spirit.

LOUIS EDOUARD FOURNIER. WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER. EXHIBITED AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

RARELY has a great man and a man of action been so profoundly influenced by a mother as was George Washington. It was his mother who formed his character and directed his education; and it was her wise counsel that decided him against the naval career by which he was tempted after a brief service in the expedition against Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon, after whom Mount Vernon was named; and his filial devotion to her throughout his glorious career is one of the tenderest legends of American history. When the Revolutionary war broke out, Washington made a new and safer home for his mother at Fredericksburg; there she spent the remainder of her days, and there he parted with her for the last time, when, in 1789, he assumed the Presidency of the United States. This parting has been a favorite subject for American artists, and now we have it depicted by a Frenchman—for, since the brother-like friendship between Washington and Lafayette, the Father of his Country has been a hero in France as well as in America. This representation of the scene differs from that usually given, in its being shown out-of-doors, where the surroundings of the humble Virginia homestead lend a fresh interest to the familiar subject. The manly tenderness of the devoted son, and the feebleness and dignity of the aged mother, are admirably portrayed.

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PICHEGRU TAKES THE DUTCH SHIPS IN THE ZUYDER ZEE, by Charles Edouard Delort.—This picture represents one of the most remarkable scenes in the history of warfare. Never before, or since, were war vessels captured by cavalry, infantry, or light artillery. In the midst of a very severe winter the French brigades marched forth with an audacity unequalled in history. The object is the invasion of Holland. The infantry, the artillery, and the cavalry all march in double quick time, crossing rivers and bays with surprising rapidity. They venture out on the ice plain covering the Zuyder Zee, and succeed in capturing the enemies' vessels, which were immovably frozen in the ice. This episode of the campaign of 1794 is treated by Delort in the above picture, with a skill and an accuracy of detail which gives to the painting a character of simplicity and grandeur in harmony with the subject. The artist depicts the scene after the capture. The vessels, deprived of their crews, are silent. The French cavalry form long lines facing the ship, and contemplate their novel capture. These soldiers, accustomed to all the surprises of warfare, appear dumbfounded in the presence of the extraordinary result, due to the daring spirit of their commander and their own bravery. The dusky gray background, the sombre character of the whole painting, and the soldiers who sit motionless on their horses, all heighten the effect and add to the picturesqueness of the picture. This picture was in the French Section of the World's Fair and is reproduced in "Art and Artists," by special permission of M. Delort.

FLOWERS OF SUMMER, by Bethune—In this fine picture the artist has mingled allegory and reality. His flowers of summer are both actual and ideal. We have here an abundance of roses; but the living blossoms are more beautiful than they. The scene was doubtlessly chosen from the early days of June. There is a delightful freshness and warmth in the summer air. The leaves are new, and the blossoms have the dewdrops on the petals. The conceit of representing the flowers of summer by the beautiful maidens has not great originality, but the art of it is perfect. The artist has succeeded in differentiating each of the lovely girls from the other. Each has her own face and form and raiment. There is an exquisite variety on the picture extending from the headdress to the delicate slippers. No two styles are alike, and yet there is complete conformity to a given type of beauty and fashion. The artist has been partial to the blonde complexion, and has painted only a single brunette in the charming group; but he has given her a central and conspicuous place in the picture. One charming feature of the piece is the joy expressed on every face. There is no hint of sadness anywhere. The earth is green. The heavy foliage of the trees is rich in profusion, and the field and sky give the notion of distance and expanse. It will not be long, we think, until this bevy of happy girls will complete the idyl by breaking into a joyous dance.

EDOUARD DETAILLE. ATTACK ON THE CONVOY.

ROMANCES may paint war in alluring colors, but the actual carnage of the battlefield presents a different picture. Here is a vision of the real thing. A force of infantry, having in custody a train of wagons and ambulances, containing, respectively, munitions of war and sick and wounded soldiers, are attacked by a command of cavalry. Evidently the horsemen are Germans, and the convoy upon which they are charging are French. The latter have formed a good line of defence just within the timber that crosses the road. The trees and the barricade of wagons will evidently aid them in withstanding the onset of the horses. Meanwhile they are using their chassepots with deadly effect. Alas, bravery is no charm against bullets! Look at the fallen rider and the horse on the left! And see that empty saddle! Yes, this is war. How different the romance and the reality. Edouard Detaille, the artist, was born at Paris, 1848. He studied under Meissonier. He has received numerous medals, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Many of his best productions are owned in the United States. One of his most remarkable military pictures, entitled "French Cuirassiers Bringing in Bavarian Prisoners," is the property of the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington, D.C. His first great painting, and the one which established his reputation, is "Rest During Drill at Camp St. Maur."

J. SCALBERT.

A SHOWER.

It is rather difficult to be very sorry for these young people, even if their afternoon on the river does seem to be spoiled by the rain. For, in spite of all the annoyance resulting from this interruption, they are off by themselves, and may even find excuse in this unexpected shower for prolonging their outing beyond the time set for their return. We can tell from the light in the distant sky that the shower is likely to be over soon; and, obviously, they expect it to end shortly, too, for they are scanning the heavens for the break in the clouds they hope for. An idyllic scene is painted for us here. The vague suggestion of a rarely beautiful wooded stream is exceedingly attractive. The young, girlish, and decidedly pretty maiden is fair and sweet to look upon; and the tall and slender youth has a manly look about him that prevents our being too envious of his good fortune, for he seems to deserve it. The boat is of a type not common in this country, though it is quite the usual sort in use for pleasure rowing in France. It has been run among the sedges to wait till the storm passes; and if the rain lasts long, there must be many a sheltered spot under the trees of one of these picturesque promontories, where the row on the river may be turned into an improvised picnic on shore. It will only prolong their *tête-à-tête*, for in any case they have to make their way home again, over the waters of this most romantic stream.

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HENRI HARPIGNIES. MORNING.

THE painter of this picture is a native of Valenciennes, and holds first rank among the contemporary painters of his native land. He has received many medals, and in 1875 was rewarded with the Legion of Honor. His pictures may be seen in many of the principal galleries of Europe and America. This work is a representation of the morning hour just before sunrise. The eastern sky is all aglow with the light of the coming orb of day. The artist has chosen for his sketch a scene in which a sequestered lake occupies the centre; otherwise, we have fine old trees in the foreground, and a range of picturesque hills in the distance. The light of the rising sun, reflected from cloud and sky, falls gently and yet cheeringly on water and rock and tree. Contrary to usage, no living creature is introduced into the picture. It is a transcript of inanimate nature in one of her noblest and most inspiring moods. The sketch has been made for the summer season. The air is laden with balm, and the leaves and grasses are wet with crystal dew. The picture is an excellent example of the highest style of modern French landscape painting. It shows not only the artist's eminent abilities, but also the tendencies and manner of his race in painting. The piece is the product of one of the most skilful contemporary brushes.

By Permission of Braun, Clement & Co.,
16 Rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris.

AN AMUSING LITTLE STORY, by Signorini.—In this picture the artist has introduced fun and jollity into the high places of sanctimony. The contrast afforded by the amusement and abandonment set against the princely garments of the Cardinal and the minor ecclesiastics, constitutes the charm of the piece. The scene is Venetian. A company of church men have gathered in the splendid apartment of their chief, and are regaling themselves with drink and story. The old Cardinal has in his collection a doubtful book, which he sometimes, when a little warmed with wine, shows to his intimate friends. The day is rather chilly for Venice, and the caldron of coals gives a genial warmth to the apartment and keeps the tea simmering for the guests. The Cardinal has reached the sixth act in Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," if we may judge by his bony hands, his toothless mouth and thin ankles. But the fire of life still burns within him, and he is deep in the dubious story which he reads to his guests. All of them are greatly amused, but the fat monk most of any. He is hilarious with delight. The artist has succeeded admirably with the rich costume of the Cardinal, and has taken pains to preserve in the face and manner of the reader a modicum of priestly dignity. This picture was first exhibited at the salon, Paris, in 1893.

HERCULES AND OMPHALE. by Henri Jacques Bource.—Bravo, young Hercules! Love delights to serve, and your service, to judge by your expression, is the reverse of an unwilling one. Even the sailor's comfort—his pipe,—while the soothing weed is yet burning, you have laid aside. What need of that just now? It will keep for foul nights on the North Sea when your Omphale will be a memory. And you have other need for your mouth to-day; for, while your hands are tied, it is easy to see that your tongue is free. To judge by the arrested motion of Omphale's hands, the skein you hold will take long to wind, and why not? The simple household cares are all attended to, the smack safely beached in the harbor, and a neighborly call after a week's rough cruise is not to be gotten through with in a few minutes. But caution, young Hercules. Never did the Lydian Queen forge a stronger chain for her slave than your Omphale will make for you out of those threads of yarn; but you follow your prototype. What an admirable bit of story-telling this picture is. Surely, if the mission of art is in any sense to amuse, to recreate, such a picture as this fills an important place, and the artist who paints it is a benefactor. We talk of art for art's sake, of technique, of artistry, of impressionism, of realism, and the rest of studio jargon, and yet, whenever, as at Chicago lately, we find a throng around a picture, that picture is a painted story of some human joy, or sorrow, some instinct or some passion of the human heart.

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MUSIC, by Van den Bos.—Music has ever been employed to express the emotions of man. Its power upon the mind is equally felt, whether inspiring courage by its martial strains, gladdening the heart by lively airs or turning the thoughts to grief by the mournful dirge. When to this natural impulse is added the quickened sensibilities which come with culture and refinement, the sway of music becomes all but absolute. What more fitting place for melody than a blooming garden beneath a summer sky! The table, elegant in its rich linen, its fruits and flowers, awaits the coming guests. Then, at the bidding of the hostess, a musician, young and fair, displays her art. As her slender fingers deftly draw the bow, her spirit rises with the harmony and she plays unconscious of all around. The listeners, too, yield to the spell; the garden and the company are forgotten and thought wanders for a time in the realm of peace and tranquil beauty. Fortunate are those who possess this great gift, and who are able to delight and ennoble others. Not only among nations high in civilization do we trace the influence of music; the taste is a universal one. Some one has truly said that there is no better index to a people's development than the character of their musical instruments. From the hideous war-drums of the savage to the harp and violin there lies a long ascending scale upon which a nation's progress may be marked.

IN THE WOODY BOWER, by Moreau de Tours.—This picture is French in every particular. The genius of the artist has transferred his race to the canvas. The other peoples are astonished at the lightness and enthusiasms of the French. There is an effervescence in the Gallic blood which gives to the national character a warmth and spirit unknown to peoples of colder climes. The French, above all modern races, with the possible exception of the Italians, are most attracted to the out-door life. The scene here delineated is out-of-doors. Tables have been spread under the trees. To the right is the bower proper, covered with heavy foliage; but even this is too confined for the imagination of these people. They sit in the open light, and have extemporized a café in the manner of their delightful Paris. The serving-girl is typical of her kind. She too is Parisian in every lineament. She has just brought the roast fowl to the table of the two waiting guests. Their applause is intended partly for the service and partly for herself. These joyous people are about to feast under the green leaves, rejoicing in the freedom of nature and utterly oblivious of care. To the left two others—man and woman—have seated themselves and are pouring the wine. The gaiety is unalloyed. The heavy and severe spirit of the North is entirely unknown to this group. Their lives, though refined after the manner of their country, are unconstrained and reckless as can well be imagined. This picture was first exhibited in the Salon in 1893.

RUSTIC ESMERALDA, by Richard Goubie.—The scene here is idyllic and thoroughly French. A riding party, consisting of a young lady, her gallant beau, and her little brother, have taken a joyful canter from the mansion some miles away, and have halted in front of a rural establishment devoted to the double occupancy of human and other kind. This manner may be seen in many parts of Europe. The country girl, nine years of age, leading her gentle goat, has met the party in front of her dilapidated home, and is giving them her best greeting. All three of the riders are interested in the little one with upturned face and hand over the shoulder of the tame creature by her side. We may not readily discern what the conversation is; for pictorial art leaves much to the fancy. Perhaps, in answer to their questions, she is telling them of herself and the goat—how long she has lived here, and what she does mornings and evenings. One touch of supreme nature in the picture is the sympathetic interest of the young woman on horseback. True to herself, she has opened her heart to the half-clad Esmeralda, and has made her her friend forever. The interest of the other two is curiosity merely; but the woman is moved, and the child and she have touched hearts, though they have not touched hands.

SONG OF SPRING, by A. Deyrolle.—The living part of this picture harmonizes perfectly with the inanimate landscape. The natural spring is painted with as much fidelity as is the allegory. The season has brought forth its wealth of flowers. Blossoms are everywhere. The earth rejoices in her new mantle of grasses and flowers. The big tree, holding out his arms in benediction as if saying, "grace, mercy, and peace," has been converted into one great bouquet by the sweet air and warm sunshine of May. Under his branches the four children, standing in the road with their hands full of flowers, are singing some pleasing song of the season. Perhaps it is "June, lovely June, now beautify the ground." The little singers have given themselves up to the spell of the day, and their carol is as the song of the birds. The boy, not less inspired than the little girls, has surrendered himself with the enthusiasm of his age to the joyousness of the May morning. He swings his bough of blossoms and holds his sister by the hand. The little one at the other side of the choir sings modestly, with her two bouquets, her mass of white hair, and her wooden shoes too large for the tiny feet. The other two, also, are in the heyday of girlish glee. It is said that old age is a second childhood, but it is not like the first; that comes but once. This picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1893.

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18 Rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris.

MORPHIOMANIACS, by G. Moreau de Tours. (*Used by special permission of artist.*)—Why do certain artists love to paint the unpleasant or the tragic? Is it because their work is not of a quality to attract, when expended on a pleasant subject? Sometimes, but not always. Such a charge cannot be brought against so able an artist as Moreau de Tours. He has shown, in his "Jeunesse," his competency to paint sweetness and beauty. The tragic and the psycho-pathological attract him because in these, primarily, he sees opportunities for the painting of facial expressions which have not been formulated, and hence original with him. To-day he paints an experiment in hypnotism in a Parisian charity hospital—he sees in the new science a means of raising the suffering wretches who smell of the abattoirs of La Villette or the rag-heaps of Batignolles, for a time at least, from their misery and their suffering. On the other extreme of the social scale, amid the odor of roses and violets wafted through the half-closed curtains of a luxurious boudoir of *chic* Paris, there comes to him a suggestion of the lunatic asylum and the grave. Two fashionable victims of the horrible morphine habit seek, at the cost of shattered nerves and tyrannic enslavement, in the use of the hypodermic syringe, the rest which the whirl of pleasure deprives them of. They are young—somewhere from twenty to thirty—a few years, and the eyes will become hollow and sunken, the now dazzling skin of a dull, ashen hue, and all beauty will be gone. Premonitions of these changes the artist shows with rare skill in the curious, far-away expression in the eyes of the standing figure, and in the relaxed muscles of the otherwise beautiful faces.

THE AGED, by Albert Aublet. (*Reproduced by special permission of the artist.*)—The original of this striking picture was exhibited in the French Section at the World's Columbian Exposition. Next after the romantic age, artists have delighted to draw the forms and faces of old men. It would seem that the extremes of life have more sentiment than the intermediate parts. In this picture the artist has selected as his subject six aged sailors. He has drawn them in such attitudes as to show them at all angles, from full face to rear view. These worthies have passed their whole lives on the sea or in its immediate vicinity. Though still rugged in form and feature, they are rapidly passing beyond the age of action, and entering the epoch of the backward look. Habit is strong upon them. They know no interest but that of the ocean. They have gone down to the bay and are leaning upon the old sea-wall which marks the boundary of Neptune. Sailing vessels lie beyond. Some converse and some smoke, and all are busy in thought with the adventure and conflict of their past lives. Hair and beard have turned to grizzle and white. The sailor costume is worn by all with as much persistency as though there were no other style among men. There is fidelity and cheerful memory among these old cronies, as they gather here by the brick wall and look out on the deep where their energies have been expended, and the sea songs sung and the hopes cherished that have come to so small fruition.

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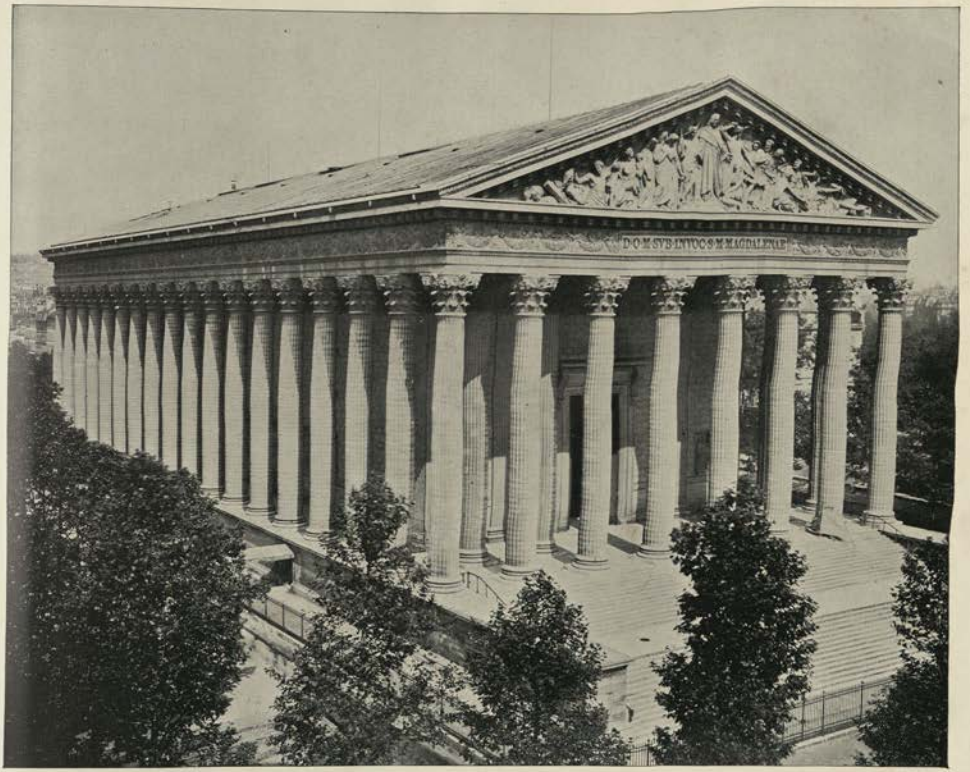
16 Rue Louis-le-Grand, Paris.

ARABS ON THE MARCH, by A. Schreyer.—The Arabians have furnished many studies for painters. The race itself is a picturesque fact in human history. The country likewise is, in its eligible parts, one of the most beautiful and romantic in the world. Out of such sources, Western writers have drawn a great deal of material which they have woven into song and story. Since the time of the Crusades, the European imagination has always been infected with influences proceeding from Arabia and its half-wild inhabitants. The scene here delineated is that of the advance companies of an army of Arabian cavalry crossing a treeless, but not desert, region. They are in full tide of progress. The old sheik, mounted on the white horse in the foreground, shows, by his manner, his rank and place at the head of the advance. Of course, a painter under such circumstances will do full justice to the Arabian horses, conceded to be the finest in the world. The animals here delineated are certainly of the most magnificent type. They are alive in every nerve and muscle, with the dignity and spirit for which they are proverbial. It may be seen that most of the figures bend forward and look eagerly in the direction of the march. Those to the right converse as if they had caught a glance of the foe. These desert-soldiers have a discipline equal to any in the world. As riders, the Arabs have no equal, and their steeds, whether bridled or unbridled, obey the wills of the masters as though both horse and rider were of a common purpose and passion.

THE RENDEZVOUS BEFORE THE HUNT, by Clairmont Galliard.—Among recreations none is more time-honored than that of hunting. Practiced by savage tribes as a means of livelihood, it has maintained its place among civilized races as a royal pastime which all classes and conditions of men may enjoy. The farmer lad hunts rabbits with his dog and shot-gun, and the professional sportsman decoys the wary duck or timid deer within range of his burnished weapon. Perhaps the most picturesque hunting scenes were those in the days of falconry. The gallant knight whose noble steed galloped close by the palfrey of his fair lady; the falcon, blinded by his crimson hood, sitting lightly upon the wrist of his owner, made a charming picture framed by the giant trees of some lordly preserve. With the downfall of the feudal system and the introduction of fire-arms, falconry fell into disuse, and the chase, a worthy successor, arose. The artist gives us a lively glimpse of the rendezvous before the hunt. Gentlemen and ladies, splendidly mounted, are gathering, closely followed by the eager hounds. The chief interest of the picture lies in the careful delineation of animal life. The upright ears, the head erect, the restless feet, show that the hunt is no new experience to the impatient horses. Nor are the dogs less expectant. Some quietly await the signal to be off; others scent the fancied trail; still others have overstepped the rules and are now yelping under the lash of their master. The picture is in every respect worthy of the artist.

PANORAMA OF PARIS, NORTHEAST, FROM EIFFEL TOWER.—The observer stands upon the second landing of the Eiffel Tower and takes in an extensive view of the city towards the northwest, covering an extent of nearly one square mile. The first building shown in the foreground is the cavalry barracks, next to which is the military magazine, adjoining a tobacco factory. The opening noticeable in the right centre of the picture is the Esplanade des Invalides, beyond which is the Chamber of Deputies, and the bridge crossing the Seine at the Place de la Concorde. On the north side of the river the most conspicuous building, with an arched roof, is the Palace of Industry, in the Champs Élysées, and the prominent street leading from the Alma bridge, in the foreground, is the Avenue Montaigne, which terminates at Round Point, the centre of the Avenue Champs Élysées. On a line with the Avenue Montaigne is Montmartre, where the church of the Sacred Heart is now being built, the highest natural eminence in the city.

VIEW LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—The above panoramic prospect comprehends one of the finest districts of Paris, and presents a very fine view of two of the principal avenues leading southward from the Place of the Star. The broad thoroughfare on the right is the Avenue Kleber, named after one of Napoleon's great marshals who died in Egypt, and on the left is the Avenue d'Iéna, or Jena, which commemorates Napoleon's decisive victory over the Prussians, Oct. 14, 1806. In the distance, on the right, are to be seen the towers of the Trocadero, and on the left is the Tower Eiffel, buildings which serve to readily determine the section in view. In the foreground is a large apartment house, which fronts upon the Place de l'Étoile, and along the two streets are many residences occupied by wealthy persons, as the quarter is a decidedly aristocratic one.



EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.—Next to Notre Dame in fame, if not in magnificence, is the Church of Saint Mary Magdalene, photographed above, the foundations of which were laid by Louis XV. in 1764, though the work of construction, after designs by Couture, was not begun until 1777. At the time of the Revolution it was in such an unfinished state that Napoleon I. ordered its completion as a Temple of Glory. Work on the building continued to languish, however, until Louis XVIII. changed the purpose of Napoleon by determining that it should be finished as a church. Interruptions again occurred by the Revolution of 1830 and it was not completed until 1842, the total cost approximating $2,500,000. The style of architecture is a Romanesque adaptation of the Greek temple, and its dimensions are 354 feet long, 141 feet broad and 100 feet high, standing upon a basement which is 23 feet high. The cornice rests upon a double row of Corinthian columns, eighteen on a side, sixteen on the portico, and eight on the north end, and in niches of the colonnade are thirty-four statues of saints. The tympanum, 126 feet in length, is ornamented with a relief centrepiece 23 feet high, representing Christ as Judge of the world. The figure of our Saviour is 17 feet high, on one side of which is represented the Angel of Salvation, and on the other the Angel of Justice, and the damned, with Mary Magdalene in the attitude of petitioning for mercy for the unrighteous.

THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.—Also called Arc de l'Étoile, or Arch of the Star, shown in the above photograph, is entitled to rank as one of the wonders of the world, being the largest in existence, and remarkable for the beauty of its design and decorations of historic bas-reliefs, more than for its magnitude. This splendid monument was begun by Napoleon in 1806, under which he boasted that he would march the whole army of Germany as his prisoners. It was designed by Chalgrin, and completed by Louis Philippe in 1836 at a cost of $2,000,000. The dimensions of this famous structure are 160 feet in height, 146 feet in width and 72 feet in depth, while the arch itself is 67 feet high and 47 feet wide. On its several sides are exquisite carvings representing the great victories of Napoleon, also the names of the battlefields upon which he won renown. It is located on the western boundary of the aristocratic quarters of Paris, at the head of the Champs Elysées, on an elevation which renders it a conspicuous object from every part of the city. From the arch twelve prominent streets and boulevards radiate, including the Boulevard Bois de Boulogne, which is properly a continuation of the Champs Elysées, from which fact it derives the name, "Arch of the Star." It was the grim irony of fate that reversed the prophecy of Napoleon as to marching the German army under the arch as prisoners, and which sent that same army, with bands playing and banners waving to the cry of victory, through that monumental passageway as victors in 1871.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE OPERA HOUSE FAÇADE.—While best known as the Opera House, the official designation of the building is the National Academy of Music; national in fact because it is the property of the government. It may with truth be said that nothing can surpass the magnificence of the designs or expensiveness of the materials with which this splendid structure is decorated, since all Europe was laid under contribution to supply it. The location, too, is fortunate, being in the heart of the city, on an easy elevation, and facing the finest boulevard in the world. The Opera House occupies a diamond-shaped site, bounded by the Rues Auber, Scribe, Gluck and Halevy. The principal front is south, on the Place de l'Opera, and on the north it faces a square opening on to the Boulevard Haussmann, which is one of the famous thoroughfares of Paris.

GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE OPERA HOUSE.—Entering the vestibule, the visitor to the Opera House stands amazed before the wonderful splendors, the artistic magnificence, the incomparable grandeur of the grand staircase ascending to the first floor. This sumptuous escalier, 32 feet wide, is single up to the first landing, when it branches right and left to the Grand Foyer. The steps and balustrades are of white marble, with a massive railing of Algerian onyx. At each landing are balconies from which visitors may look down upon the entering crowds. These balconies are separated by twenty-four marble columns grouped in pairs, which rise to the third floor, and thus add immeasurably to the imposing effect of the stairway. The ceiling above is covered with frescoes, by Pils, representing the Olympian Gods, the Triumph of Harmony, the Charm of Opera, and Apollo in his Chariot. At the landing is the doorway leading to the amphitheatre, with carytides and candelabra on the sides.

BOULEVARD DE LA MADELEINE.—Our photograph presents a charming view of the magnificent Boulevard Madeleine, looking northeast from the corner of the Madeleine (St. Mary Magdalene) Church, a distance of 220 yards. The system of naming streets in Paris causes great perplexity to visitors, since for some unexplained reason the boulevards are divided into sections, and to each section a different name is given. Thus, the broad and uninterrupted avenue starting at the Madeleine Church, is called Boulevard de la Madeleine for a distance of 220 yards; beyond this it is the Boulevard des Capucines, which it retains for a length of 550 yards only, when it becomes the Boulevard des Italiens for 600 yards, then the Boulevard Poissonniere for 380 yards, when it merges into the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelles, which continues 380 yards further, etc. The same confusing system of naming the avenues by sections applies to nearly all the thoroughfares in Paris. The grass plat on the right is the Place de la Madeleine, which forms the extremity of the Old, or Great, boulevards, and on Tuesdays and Fridays is used as a large flower-market. The buildings that line the boulevard are of an imposing character, utilized for a variety of purposes, such as stores, pensions (lodgings) and residences. The quarter is a very prominent one.

GARDEN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.—The palace which surrounds the garden photographed above was erected in 1629-34 by Cardinal Richelieu, and accordingly took the name of the Palais Cardinal. After his death it was occupied by Anne of Austria, widow of Louis XIII. and her two sons, Louis XIV. and the Prince of Orleans, since which time it has been known as the Royal Palace. The garden is 750 feet long, by 330 feet broad, around the sides of which extend four rows of elm and lime trees, and in the centre is a basin 66 feet in diameter, with a small fountain, where a band plays during afternoons of summer. The garden is an interesting place to spend a few hours, for it contains many beautiful statues and a handsome award. Near the south end of the flower garden is a small cannon, which is fired by means of a sun-glass at exactly the hour of noon; on very cloudy days, of course, this automatic gun is silent, but the concentration of rays is so great by means of the device employed that the noon hour is nearly always thus announced.

GRAND PARDON IN BRITTANY, by Jules Breton.—Brittany is the paradise of painters. Its quaint and ancient architecture, its customs venerable through centuries, the picturesque costumes of its peasantry, who are characterized by nobility of feature and dignity of aspect, even under the drudgery of field labor, have furnished themes for the brushes of some of the greatest of French artists. By none are these features more sympathetically portrayed than by Jules Breton. Scenes of peasant labor and the unique ceremonials of the church are his favorite subjects. We have here the Grand Pardon, or Plenary Indulgence, representing the moment of the procession of the Host around the exterior of the Church, on the day of the patron saint of the village. To this festival come thousands from considerable distances, bearing candles for offerings and the banners of their commune. The participants include those of all ranks, from the marquis to the shepherd. The bright costumes, the white caps of the peasant women, and the curious combination of rural surroundings with the pomp of ceremonial, lend a varied interest to the scene. The skill of the artist is strikingly shown in the vast number of figures he has crowded into his canvas, and yet without sacrificing the opportunity for interesting incident, among which one will notice the little children exchanging lights for their votive candles and partaking in the solemnity. This painting is in the Wolfe collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

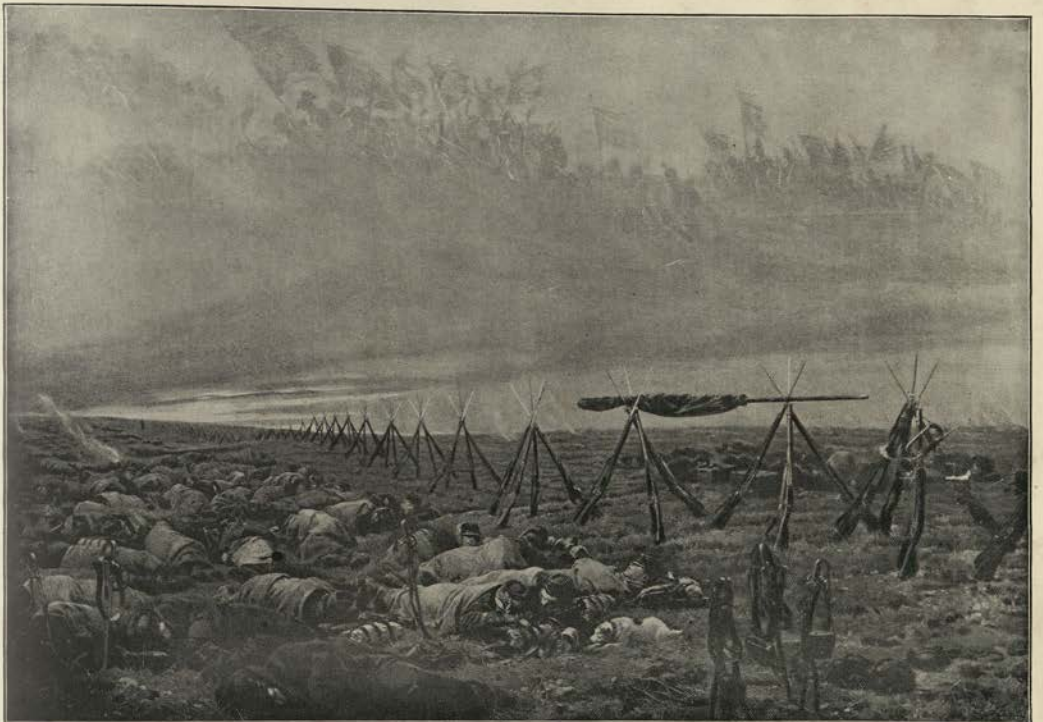
FOUNTAIN OF THE OBSERVATORY, LUXEMBOURG PALACE.—Beyond the garden of the Luxembourg, at the south end of the Allée de l'Observatoire, is the imposing and beautiful fountain pictured above. It is one of the recent additions since the considerable reductions that were made by the government in the extent of the gardens formerly connected with the Palace. The fountain was erected in 1874 from designs by Frémiet, and comprises a large stone-coped basin adorned in the centre with eight sea horses, and a pedestal upon which is a group of four allegorical figures, supporting an armillary sphere, by Carpeaux. Four copies of this sphere were placed on the Manufactures Building at the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Besides these splendid figures the central group is surrounded by dolphins and tortoises, the latter spouting jets of water toward the larger figures, while from the mouths of the dolphins floods pour into the basin.

MILKMAID AND GARDEN GIRL.

E. DEBAT PONSAN.

THE landscape presented in this picture belongs to Normandy. The artist Ponsan is national in all of his designs and characteristics. In several of his pictures he has introduced features strongly suggestive of those present in the "Milkmaid and Garden Girl." Florine has gone to the pasture to milk the cow. The latter is a fine Holstein, docile and amiable. The cow is drawn most naturally, with her head down, in the act of grazing. The milking has not yet begun, and the work is for the present suspended by the arrival of Marie with her potato fork. She has been coming up the road on her way to her task in the potato patch, where she is working after the manner of a man, to loosen this soil with her fork. She and Florine are friends, and they have fallen into talk about their daily tasks and their beaux. It is this aspect which the artist has taken and sketched with so much elegance. One of the notable things is the easy and not inelegant pose of the standing girl. True, her clothing is that of a peasant. Note the big wooden shoes, the torn petticoat and faded jacket. True, the girl is not yet matured into full womanhood; but her face is beautiful and her attitude charming. The same is true of the milkmaid, who is listening with intense interest to some recital of her friend. This small talk of the French girls comes with gentle tintinnabulation into the ears of old Floss, the cow, who, though she understands only a few words of French, is nevertheless pleased with the conversation. The calf is as yet merely silly.

VIEW OF THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES, FROM THE PARK.—Grand almost beyond description as the Palace is, once the house of the Grand Monarch, it has not escaped the fury of revolutionists and the desecration of mobs. It was in this magnificent building that the meeting of the Estates of 1789 was held, at which the Third Estate paved the way to the French Revolution by forming itself into a separate body. A few months later the unfortunate Louis XVI. saw the Palace sacked by a Parisian mob, composed alike of men and infuriated women, and was forced to flee to Paris, where he soon afterward perished under the guillotine. Since that time it has remained without a royal occupant, and during the Revolution it narrowly escaped being sold. Napoleon neglected to repair the damage that the mob had inflicted, and when the Bourbons were restored to power, they made no other improvements than the erection of a pavilion on the south side. Louis Philippe, more appreciative than his predecessors, at length restored the building, and converted part of it into the grandest historical picture gallery in the world.



EDOUARD DETAILLE. THE DREAM. OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

THIS picture is allegorical. The idea is to delineate the vision of a soldier seen in his slumbers. First, there is a mixture of the real and ideal. Here on the open plain the army has not indeed encamped, but merely stacked arms and thrown itself down to rest. No tents are seen, for the season is generous, and protection is sufficiently afforded by the blouses and army blankets of the soldiers. The arms are stacked in the military manner, making a long line towards the horizon. All is still. Mists have arisen from the landscape and are forming clouds. Here the allegory begins. The soldier dreams. His vision is thrown in weird relief upon the violet curtains of the clouds. There he sees the battle on. He himself is mingled with the charging host. He sees the flags flung up on every hand; he hears the shouts of the assaulting columns as they sweep on to victory. There is the careering of shadowy horses; the outlines of officers; the uproar and confusion of the conflict. It is in this form that, according to tradition, spectral warriors, relics of the Persian and Greek armies, gather at night in the cloud-land over the field of Marathon, shouting to the battle, brandishing their spears, clashing their shields. This vision is one which is destined ultimately to pass not only from the slumbers, but from the waking dreams as well, of all mankind, giving place to the vision of hope and the apocalypse of universal peace.

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ORANGERY, IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES.—The gardens connected with the Palace are entered by way of a passage which separates the court of the chapel from the court of the princes, which brings the visitor first into the orangery shown in the photograph. This charming accessory of the park was made principally by Mme. Maintenon, who became the wife of Louis XIV. by a private marriage, after the death of his queen, Maria Theresa. There are 1200 trees in the grounds, a number of which are said to be the same that were planted at the time the orangery was established, which, if true, are more than 200 years old, for Mme. Maintenon was espoused by Louis in 1686. Indeed, one of the trees is reputed to be more than 450 years old. Notwithstanding their very great age they show great thriftiness, though they have never attained any height, probably due, however, to being a dwarf species, like those in the Tuileries Garden; nor do they bear fruit.

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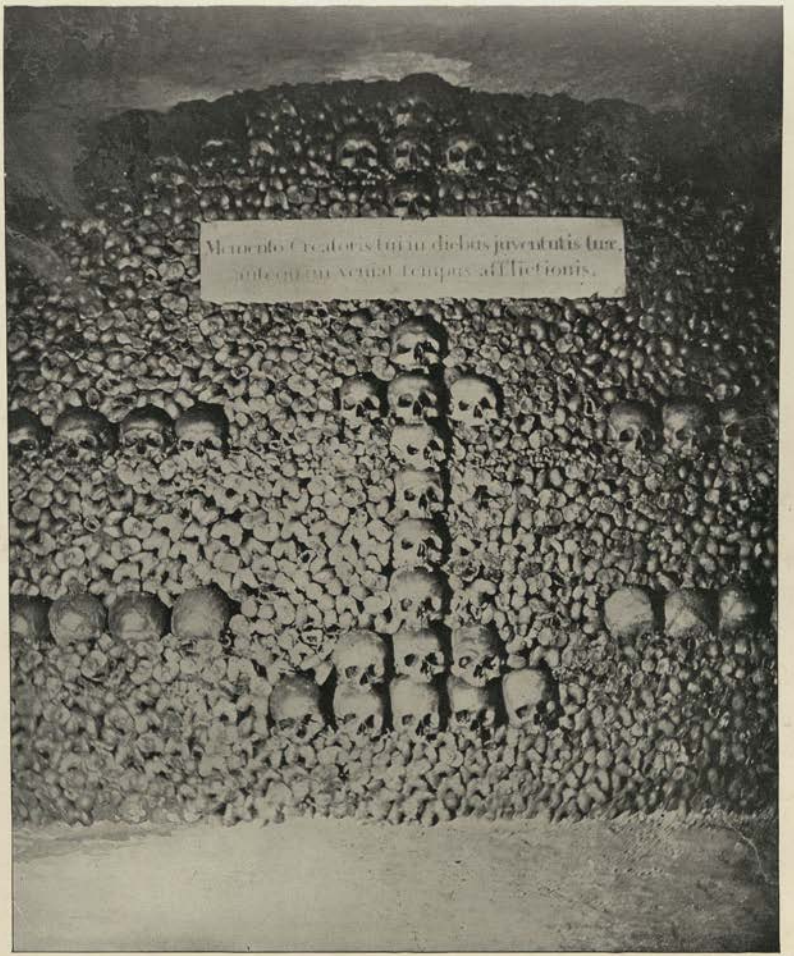
J. L. GEROME. THE LAST PRAYER.

The subject of this picture is at once classical and traditional. It scarcely needs to be interpreted to the minds of any at all informed about the history of religion. It belongs more particularly to the history of the Christian faith and to the period of dreadful persecutions to which that faith was subjected at Rome. The world knows to what horrors the Christians were exposed. The bodily sufferings and forms of death to which they had to submit were more extreme than have been known in any other country, except in those where the mediæval Inquisition was instituted. Here, in a section of the prodigious Circus Maximus at Rome, with the Capitoline hill in the background, and the great turning posts around which the Roman chariots whirled in the races, at the left, a group of innocent victims, numbering a score or more, are in the agonies of the "Last Prayer." The great Numidian lion is ready to spring upon them. In the seatings of the amphitheatre, twenty thousand spectators look down upon the scene; for to them it is royal sport. Several victims in the throes of crucifixion hang in a row, but most of them have been lighted as torches and consumed to a black mass of cinder and death. In this manner the Roman emperors sought in vain to extinguish a faith which, despised at first, became formidable by trial, and then triumphant over the Empire itself.



IN THE CATACOMBS.—The Catacombs of Rome are scarcely more interesting than those of Paris, for while one is an ossuary largely of saintly remains, the other is a picturesque charnel-house, composed largely of the bones of patriots. It appears to have been an odd conceit that proposed and carried into effect the fantastic arrangement of the bones of millions of human beings along the walls of the abandoned quarries of Paris. Such a mass of relics, such a multiplication of disjointed dead men, almost create a disregard for mortuary reminders. Skulls upon skulls, cracked by bludgeon, perforated by bullet, broken by axe, and bones piled up like fagots, built into chapels, arranged in crosses, a pathway walled with bones, miles in extent, are sights to make the nervous tremble and the strong contemplate. At frequent intervals tablets are erected, bearing scriptural admonitions like the Latin one above, from Ecclesiastes, twelfth chapter, first verse.

TOMB OF NAPOLEON AND ALTAR.—No grander monument was ever reared to the memory of man than that which the French people erected to the honor of Napoleon I., a portion of the wonderful memorial being shown in the above photograph. In the foreground is the crypt, in the centre of which rises the great sarcophagus, 13 feet long, 6½ feet wide, 14½ feet high, a single block of granite weighing sixty-seven tons, brought from Finland at a cost of nearly $30,000. The entrance to this magnificent crypt, under which the body of Napoleon lies, is through a door near the high altar, but no one is now allowed to enter. The sarcophagus rests upon a floor of beautiful mosaics wrought to resemble a wreath of laurels, signifying victory. On the right and left flanks are two sarcophagi, one to the memory of Duroc, the other of Bertrand, who were Napoleon's most intimate friends. The latter accompanied him in exile, and followed the remains in 1840 to their present resting place. On each side of the crypt is a lofty chapel, erected in honor of Vauban and Turenne, surmounted by recumbent figures. Another chapel on the left of the entrance contains the tomb of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, while near by are two other sarcophagi, in one of which reposes the heart of his wife, and in the other the remains of his eldest son. On the right of the entrance is a sarcophagus holding the body of Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain; as may be seen in the photograph, every detail of the architecture, painting and carving, is perfect and sumptuously grand.

THE PANTHEON.—This imposing building, beneath which so many of the once great men of France lie sepultured, was originally the Church of Ste. Genevieve, until its religious uses were abolished and its name changed during the Revolution of 1789. It was afterward restored by Louis XVIII., but a second time secularized by presidential decree of 1885. Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy (467–511), built a church on the spot and dedicated it to SS. Peter and Paul, but it was afterward converted into an abbey when Ste. Genevieve, the patron saint, died in 512 and was buried in St. Etienne du Mont. The present edifice was suggested to Louis XV. by his mistress, Mme. de Pompadour, and the erection of which was begun in 1764, the money having been raised by a royal lottery. The plan is a Greek cross 302 by 255 feet. The portico is approached by eleven steps occupying the full breadth, and the front presents six fluted columns 60 feet in height by 6 feet in diameter, while sixteen other columns serve as supports to a pediment which is 129 feet wide by 22 feet high, elaborately sculptured with relief figures representing France dispensing honors to her distinguished sons. The height of the building is 268 feet, estimating the dome, which is 65 feet in diameter. The interior is magnificently frescoed by the most famous artists of the world. Beneath the floor are a number of vaults of immense cut stones laid without cement, in which the bodies of more than one hundred great men repose.

GENERAL VIEW OF MONTE CARLO. – Monte Carlo occupies a promontory about one mile from Monaco proper, though the two towns are united by continuous streets lined with buildings, so that there is no well-defined line of separation. All these places, la Condamine, Monaco, and Monte Carlo, are the property of the Prince of Monte Carlo, whose present title is Albert I., who by the ceding of certain claims was permitted to set up here and maintain a gambling establishment until the year 1919. Having secured this privilege the Prince of Monte Carlo, then Charles III., father of Albert I., entered into a contract with M. Blanc, whose gambling house at Homburg had been closed by the government, by which the latter leased from the prince the gambling privilege and founded the present Casino. None of the inhabitants of Monaco are permitted to play at the gaming tables, and the objections which they might otherwise make to the maintenance of such an institution are quieted by their complete exemption from taxes. But this direct exemption is really of no advantage to them, because they are indirectly taxed by having to pay an increased price for the lands and buildings which they occupy, either as proprietors or tenants.

COLUMN VENDOME.—The greatest monumental column in the world is that of Vendôme, standing in the Place Vendôme, in the Rue de la Paix, opposite the Ministry of Justice on the west and the Hotel du Rhin on the south. This splendid memorial of the Napoleonic victories in the campaigns of 1805 was erected by Napoleon after designs by Bergeret. The column is a piece of heavy masonry belted with plates of bronze which, running in a spiral, are 1500 feet in length. The metal composing these plates was obtained by melting down 1200 cannons captured from Russians and Austrians, and each one is covered with relief figures which, in their entirety, represent the most memorable events of the campaigns, from the breaking camp at Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. The figures are three feet in height, and a great many of them are correct likenesses of persons who figured in the events thus portrayed. A statue of Napoleon surmounted the column until it was replaced by Royalists by a gigantic fleur-de-lis in 1814. In 1830 this desecration was removed, and another statue of Napoleon crowned the summit, which remained until 1863, when the clumsy statue was replaced by the very correct one which now adorns the column. In 1871 the Communists, despite an offer of $100,000 to spare it, attacked the column and tore it down, but the parts were not destroyed, and at infinite labor were put together and the column re-erected of its present dimensions, 142 feet in height and 13 feet in diameter, with a spiral stairway through the centre.

OLD TOWN OF MONACO.—This small sovereign principality has an area of eight and a half miles and supports an army of seventy-two men, whose service is, as may be imagined, an easy one. The old town occupies the level summit of a rocky headland which is still surrounded by ramparts, as the illustration shows. On the eastern side lies the little bay of Monaco, at the head of which is the village of Condamine, famous for its manufactures of perfumes and liqueurs, and the Chapel of Ste. Dévote, who is patron saint of Monaco. The barren rocks upon which the buildings of the Casino were erected were covered with soil by Italian convicts in 1857 and since the laying of the first stone of the Casino, in 1858, the process of artificial embellishment has been conducted on a magnificent scale. The headland was once adorned by a temple of Heracles erected by the Greeks of Massilia, and until the close of the eighteenth century toll was levied upon passing vessels, to enforce the collection of which a fortress was maintained; but the place was little more than a barren rock until Count Rey began improvements which have been continued until now Monaco is one of the most beautiful spots of the world.

THE GAMING SALON, MONTE CARLO.—The gambling that is done at Monte Carlo is in three large rooms connected by triple arched doors, and upon tables as shown in the photograph. In the two first rooms roulette alone is played, with stakes from $1.00 to $1200.00. In the rear, or third room, the game is rouge et noir (red and black), also called trente et quarante (thirty and forty), the limits of which are $4.00 up to $2500.00. The tables pictured above are for roulette, arranged with a wheel in the centre which rolls for the players at both ends, thus providing for two sets of players at the same time. The active season continues from January 1 until May 1, but gaming goes on throughout the year, and though the rooms are not so densely crowded during the close of the fashionable season, yet the tables have always a quota of players, some of whom never quit the game until their means are exhausted. At the beginning of each day's play, each table is supplied with so much money, usually $50,000, which is called "the bank;" if luck is against the bank so that this stake is exhausted—lost to fortunate players—that particular bank is said to be broken, and closes, not to open again until the following day. It is by this means that the bank limits its losses.

CORINTHIAN COLONNADE IN THE PARK MONCEAU.—Situated on the Boulevard de Courcelles, about eight squares northeast of the Arch of Triumph, is the Park Monceau, a beauty-spot of woods, flower-beds and lakes, enclosed by an artistic railing and covering 22½ acres of ground. The property was bought in 1778 by Philippe of Orleans, the Elegant, and laid out in such attractive style that it became a very fashionable resort, where balls, plays and fêtes were celebrated. During the Revolution it was made national property, soon afterwards presented by Napoleon I. to Chancellor Cambaceres, who, however, returned it to the State as being too expensive to maintain. It was then restored to the Orleans family, but a few years later became again national property by purchase, and was laid out as it now appears. Near the centre is an oval body of water flanked by a semi-circular Corinthian colonnade, embellished with a bronze statue of Hylas. Other statues adorning the park are, The Charmer, a bronze, by Vingtrie; Paradise Lost, a marble, by Gautherin; A Game of Marbles, by Lenoir; The Sower, by Chapu; the Hay-Maker, by Gumery, and the Reaper, by Candez.

CASCADE IN THE PARK OF ST. CLOUD.—The most interesting thing to be seen in St. Cloud is the Park, a wooded tract of considerable extent and many attractions. Entrance to the Park is through a large iron gate fronting the Seine, and a short walk brings the visitor to the Grand Cascade, divided by an avenue into the Tenor and Bass Cascades, designed by Lepautre and Mansart, and adorned with statues of the Seine and Marne, by Adam. The fountains play in summer on the second Sunday of each month from four to five o'clock, and during the fête at St. Cloud the three last Sundays in September at the same hour. The Cascade flows over terraces flanked by two other terraced fountains and double rows of jets, falling over steps into a large basin which is fed also by spouting fountains on the side. The largest jet, which is a little to the left of the Cascades shown in the photograph, throws a large stream to the height of 136 feet.

THE MODEL.—A charming figure, by Hodebert, a painting that attracted very great attention at the annual Champs Elysées exhibition of 1893, is reproduced above. It represents a girl making her toilet, and at the same time, Venus-like, admiring the reflection of her exquisite graces in a cheval-glass, which shows her full length. Her hair is lifted into a position that lends a pretty effect to her handsome head and animated face, while around her, in sweet confusion, are the clothes of which she has just divested herself. There is an utter absence of any sensuous suggestion in the figure, though presented full length in unapparel. The painter has veiled the nude by his marvelous art of exhibiting the beautiful in a manner that appeals to the eye only, the human form divine that seems to approach the angelic.

THE WHITE AND BLACK PEARLS.—Lequesne belongs to the modern school as respects his subjects as well as his treatment. He is a distinguished artist, though his works were not seen in the French Salon prior to 1890, but his advancement has been wondrously rapid, until his place is now very near the front rank. He is partial to the nude, having early discovered that in this line his success was most certain. The photograph herewith is one of his best, and with his "Daughters of Menestho," after receiving a medal in 1893, received the great honor of being hung in the Salon of the Champs Élysées. The subject is charming, the treatment is perfect, affording a contrast that is at once poetic and picturesque.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA, by Raoux. Louvre Museum.—This beautiful piece is the chef-d'œuvre of the Salle Daru, or Room XVI, which contains so many great paintings of the French school of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. No other artist has ever pictured this subject so exquisitely. The story is mythologic but of exceeding interest. Pygmalion was a sculptor of rare talent who made a statue of ivory which was so beautiful that he became desperately enamored of it and entreated Venus to endow his creation with life. The goddess, moved by his persistent prayers, granted his request and gave her the name Galatea, whom Pygmalion immediately married. The artist has depicted the transformation and the glad surprise of the sculptor.

SALAMMBO, BY IDRAC, LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.—A beautiful figure the artist has made of the character which M. Flaubert has immortalized in his marvelous romance entitled "Salammbo," one of the most weird and thrilling tales of barbarism ever written. Salammbo was the Venus of the Babylonians and of the Phœnicians, but Flaubert gave her a stronger personality as the daughter of Hamilcar of Carthage. The story begins with an insurrection, followed by a besiegement of Carthage, the opposing forces being Barbarians under the captaincy of Matho, a crafty Greek. Hamilcar, father of Hannibal, had a beautiful daughter named Salammbo, for whom Matho conceived such a strong passion that he stealthily entered the Temple of Tanit and carried therefrom the sacred veil of the Goddess whom the Carthaginians held in special veneration. Clad in this sacred mantle he entered the private apartments of Salammbo and declared to her his love, after which he fled to the camp of his army. Upon a recovery of the mystic veil, it was believed, depended the safety of Carthage, and Salammbo was appointed by the priest to rescue it. The Python was secretly regarded by all Carthaginians, and one was kept by Salammbo for her private worship. To prepare herself for the effort to recover the veil, she consulted the sacred snake, which clung to her in such caressing demonstrations that she was almost suffocated in its coils, but when she was released from its folds, she resolutely set out for the camp of Matho, entered his tent and upbraided him for violating the sanctity of the veil. The result of her visit was that she recovered the veil, but conceived a strange fascination for Matho. Soon afterwards Hamilcar slaughtered the besiegers, but captured Matho whom he reserved for the torture. Salammbo witnessed the horrible death of Matho and expired from grief and heart-break at the same moment.

THE COBWEBS, by Le Quesne.—A picture which attracted very general attention at the Champs Élysées Salon of 1892 was one which is reproduced above. The work is excellent and the subject sufficiently unique to invest the painting with particular interest. The creation is original, in that it presents no effort to picture story or character, and in some respects it may be regarded as purely a study in the nude, of which Le Quesne presents many similar examples.

TRUTH, BY LEFEBVRE, LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM. – This painting is a beautiful conception, but while much admired exhibits some faults evidencing the claim that the model was not well chosen, or that the posing is so unnatural as to exhibit the figure to disadvantage. The personification, however, is superb, the representation being Truth in the form of a virgin lighting the way through the darkness of doubt, fear and ignorance. The figure stands out in boldness of striking contrast against a background and surroundings of deepest night shrouding woods and fens, the haunts of unnamable things, and yet amid the gloom flowers, emblems of praise, beauty, cheerfulness, bloom and offer up their incense to heaven. It is a charming, instructive conception, beautifully allegorized in the painting.

THE LIGHTHOUSE, BY LE MESONE.—There is a suggestion of Andromeda in the painting here shown, lacking only the shackles. The artist has succeeded admirably in his storm effects, the beating sea, half covering the figure with its spray, the dark clouds in threatening aspect appalling, the long locks of raven hair streaming before the wind, are wondrous imitations of the fury by which the lovely figure is surrounded. But there is no alarm in the face; confidence is indicated in the pose, while from her outstretched hands flash warnings of the dangerous rocks, signals which the sea-tossed mariner can easily interpret. The painting was exhibited in the Champs Elysées Salon of 1893.

IN THE SECLUSION OF THE WOODS, by Scalbert.—There is as much diversity of judgment among connoisseurs as among other people, a fact amply proved by the variety of opinions expressed as to the merits of the picture here reproduced. When it was on exhibition in the Champs Élysées Salon it became a matter of interest not so much for its merits as for the discussion it provoked among critics who were about equally divided between praising and condemning it. In some respects the work is very creditable, but it certainly is wanting in strength, and fails to clearly show the artist's intentions, nor is the posing sufficiently graceful.

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